mortifying mischiefe: I cannot hide what I am: I must be sad when I haue cause, and smile at no mans iests, eate when I haue stomack, and wait for no mans leisure: sleep when I am drowsie, and tend on no mans businesse, laugh when I am mery, and claw no man in his humor.

Con. Yea but you must not make the full show of this till you may do it without controllment, you haue of late stoode out against your brother, and he hath tane you newly into his grace, where it is impossible you should take true root, but by the faire weather that you make your self, it is needful that you frame the season for your owne harueſt.

Iohn I had rather be a canker in a hedge, then a rose in his grace, and it better fits my bloud to be disdain'd of all, then to fashion a cariage to rob loue from any: in this (thogh I cannot be said to be a flatering honest man) it must not be denied but I am a plain dealing villaine, I am trusted with a muzzel, and enfraunchisde with a clogge, therfore I haue decreed, not to sing in my cage: if I had my mouth I would bite: if I had my liberty I would do my liking: in the mean time, let me be that I am, and seeke not to alter me.

Con. Can you make no vse of your discontent?

Iohn I make all vse of it, for I vse it only,
Who comes here? what newes Borachio?

Enter Borachio.

Bor. I came yonder from a great supper, the prince your brother is royally entertain'd by Leonato, and I can giue you intelligence of an intended mariage.

Iohn Wil it serue for any model to build mischiefe on? what is he for a foole that betrothes himselfe to vnquietnesse?

Bor. Mary it is your bothers right hand.

Iohn Who, the most exquisite Claudio?

Bor. Euen he.

Iohn A proper squier, and who, and who, which way looks he?

Bor. Mary one Hero the daughter and heire of Leonato.

Iohn A very forward March-chicke, how came you to this?

Bor.

Bor Being entertain'd for a perfumer, as I was s
musty roome, comes me the prince and Claudi
hand in sad conference: I whipt me behind the arra
heard it agreed vpon, that the prince should woo
himselfe, and hauing obtain'd her, giue her to Co
dio.

Iohn Come, come, let vs thither, this may proue
displeasure, that yong start-vp hath all the glory o
throw: if I can crosse him any way, I blesse my selfe
you are both sure, and wil assist me.

Conr. To the death my Lord.

Iohn Let vs to the great supper, their cheere is
that I am subdued, would the cooke were a my mi
go proue whats to be done?

Bor. Weele wait vpon your lordship.

*Enter Leonato his brother, his wife, Hero his daugh
Beatrice his neece, and a kinsman.*

Leonato Was not counte Iohn here at supper?

brother I saw him not.

Beatrice How tartely that gentleman lookes, I n
him but I am heart-burn'd an hower after.

Hero He is of a very melancholy disposition.

Beatrice He were an excellent man that were t
the mid-way between him and Benedick, the one i
image and saies nothing; and the other too like my
sonne, euermore tatling.

Leonato Then halfe signior Benedickes tongu
Iohns mouth, and halfe Counte Iohns melancho
Benedickes face.

Beatrice With a good legge and a good foote
money inough in his purse, such a man would wi
man in the world if a could get her good will.

Leonato By my troth neece thou wilt neuer ge
band, if thou be so shrewd of thy tongue.

brother Infaith thees too curst.

Beatrice Too curst is more then curst, I